

# MOVING PICTURE STORIES

No. 816

February 19, 1929

THE WIND -:- LOVE IN THE DESERT -:- THE SIDESHOW  
A LADY OF CHANCE  
THE HEART STORY OF FANNIE BRICE

10¢



*Colleen  
Moore*



# MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON  
Editor

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### ARE YOU LONELY?

Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club says, "Come in and make letter whoopee with all the little pen pals! The more the merrier and, no matter how many there are, there's always room for one more!" For details of this club through which thousands of girls and boys throughout the country are making interesting, lasting friendships see HEARTS for sale at all news-stands, price Ten Cents. If your dealer is sold out, send Ten Cents to Lucky Publishing Corporation, 112 West 44th Street, New York City, and the magazine will be forwarded to you.

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*Letty's great eyes were wide with dawning fear as they looked out across the darkening prairies where the wild winds blew.*



*In his masterful way, Wirt claimed the next dance.*



*Lige was shaved and all dressed up for the dance*

*his is the story of a fragile Southern flower transplanted to the shelterless, barren prairies where blowing sand and cruel blasts menace its life, the story of a woman's soul, fair and sweet as a sheltered garden, exposed to the passion of men and of Nature and the fury of*

# The Wind

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON

THE train toiled on and on across measureless distances of sand and rock and scrub, yet to Letty it seemed to be standing still—the view never changed, had not changed for hours and hours. She had a nightmare feeling that perhaps the train had lost itself and was going round and round in a great circle, caught forever by the low, rolling hills and the unending sand and scrub, blown forever by the wind that dashed sand against the gritty windows and tore the smoke from the engine in ragged white puffs. The big man in the nearest seat caught her eye and smiled.

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the novel by Dorothy Scarborough. Frances Marion wrote the scenario and Victor Seastrom directed, with Lillian Gish appearing as Letty, Lars Hanson as Lige, Montague Love as Wirt Roddy, Dorothy Cummings as Cora, Edward Earle as Beverly, William Orlamond as Sourdough and Laon Ramon, Carmencita Johnson and Billy Kent Schaefer as Cora's children.

There was understanding in his smile and an easy, masculine assurance. Letty flushed like a rose and turned her eyes away.

But Wirt Roddy was not to be daunted by an averted look. An extra fierce gust of wind, blowing sand through the window across Letty's frugal lunch of sandwiches and fruit, brought him to her side, closing the window, brushing the grit from her dress, talking in that warm, casual voice of his. Soon he was sitting beside her and she was telling him of Cousin Beverly who had sent for her to stay.

"There wasn't any money left when Father died—Bev was raised with me—he's married and he asked me to come and live with him and Cora."

Wirt Roddy talked of the loneliness of the



prairie homesteads, of the sand that permeated everything and of the wind—the wind that rode high above the clouds and came sweeping down to shake the small, brave houses and the hearts of the women who lived in them.

"You don't belong in this part of the world," he said gallantly. "You belong where there are flowers and singing birds. You'll go crazy here."

The wild-rose color flushed her cheek again at his bold admiration but she said:

"I won't mind it. I—I'm not scared of the wind. It's all new and interestnig."

But her great eyes were wide with dawning fear as they looked out across the darkening prairies where the wild winds blew.

"BEV's sick again," explained the man who met her at the station. "We're his nearest neighbors—just fifteen miles from his place. He asked me and Sourdough to come and get you. I'm Lige Mason."

In the windy dusk Letty could scarcely see his face or that of his companion, but his voice was kindly. She climbed up into the buckboard and the horses started. Looking back at the train, she could see the stalwart figure of Wirt Roddy, waving. She felt suddenly desolate and small, at the mercy of the wind that tore at her skirts and made her wide hat flop painfully against her face.

She looked timidly at the steady face of the man beside her. He was young, she decided, though he was rough-looking with that golden stubble of beard masking his chin. His pardner, Sourdough, was older. The two men exchanged laughing remarks once in awhile. They were like rough, clumsy children, she thought, vieing with each other to make an impression on her.

"Feel the wind?" asked Lige, pulling the laprobe closer around her. "You'll feel worse if you're here for a long stay. Wait till the Norther comes down!" He spoke with a sort of exultant pride in these great winds of his prairie land. "The Injuns say that the Norther is a big stallion that gallops through the clouds with his white mane flying—and, when he runs wild, all the wild horses come down to the plains and we round 'em up sometimes. That's man's work, I'll tell you. The Government offers three dollars a head for the wild horses. It's one way of picking up a bit extra."

Through her thin sleeve she could feel the lean, hard muscles of his arm, tensing and relaxing as he drove, the arm of a man who did "man's

work", though his blue eyes were as candid as a child's above the golden stubble of beard.

And then, after many miles of driving, she was lifted from the buckboard and ran into the wind-swept homestead to be taken in the familiar arms of her cousin Beverly. It was good to see him again, the dear boy who had been cousin and friend and "big brother" to her childhood days. His voice rang out joyfully:

"Cora! Letty's come! Letty's come!"

"What's the hurry? She'll be here a long while." The deep, sullen tones of Cora, Beverly's wife, chilled Letty's happiness. Cora entered, her passionate dark face unsmiling, her eyes brooding, as she saw Letty's flushed face so close to Beverly's thin cheek.

Letty sensed her jealousy and ran to her.

"You mustn't mind my being fond of Bev! He's the only brother I ever had." But her voice faltered into silence. She felt that Cora hated her.

The children came in and she sought comfort in them. They were shy, unfriendly little things in the beginning but in Letty there was a great need to love. She made up her mind to win the children.

As the days went by she succeeded, only to find that in doing so she had deepened Cora's passionate jealousy. The older woman was vividly aware of the difference between herself and Letty. Letty was frail and dainty; her little face lifted like a flower and her feet danced as she walked. Cora was a big woman, darkly handsome and splendidly strong. She did a man's work on the ranch; in fact, she practically ran the place herself, for Beverly's hacking cough and delicate physique made it impossible for him to do hard work. She adored her husband with all the depths of her fierce heart and his evident pleasure in Letty's presence, innocent as it was, maddened her.

One thought comforted Cora; Letty might marry and go away. Here were Lige and Sourdough all the time driving over from their ranch on one pretext after another—but always to see Letty. Maybe the girl would pick one of them. There was going to be a Thanksgiving party held in the ranchhouse—that was a good time for one of them to ask her.

THE wind had risen alarmingly on the day of the party, but undaunted neighbors drove in from all points of the compass. There was old





*A queer tingling swept over Lige as he saw that Letty had unbound her hair and that it fell in soft ripples to her waist.*

Ben, the fiddler, making merry music for the round dances that they all loved and even essaying one of those modern waltzes once in awhile. Lige was shaved and Letty looked at him with something like pleasure. He wasn't a bad-looking lad when he was cleaned up. Old Sourdough, too, was all dressed up and considered himself a most impressive figure.

The music played and the fun grew fast and furious. Letty was a picture of dainty beauty in her flowered dress. Lige and Sourdough disputing between them who was to be the first to ask her to dance, noted the sudden, glad light of recognition leap to her eyes and, turning, saw the tall figure of Wirt Roddy in the doorway. He crossed to the girl in his laughing, masterful way and swept her out into the dance. Lige and Sourdough looked sadly after them.

But they did not have long to nurse the disappointment. A cry was heard from outside and two neighbors rushed in.

"The cyclone! Coming this way! Get the folks under cover!"

Everyone knew what that cry meant. The great "cyclone cellar" was opened and the women and children herded down out of danger while most of the men remained in the empty rooms to barricade windows and doors and make all fast. Lige and Sourdough did herculean work while the wind tore at roof and walls as though, truly, the great "wild stallion" were trampling across

the world with white mane flying and terrible hoofs and teeth wreaking vengeance on all that stood in his path.

One man, however, was not working with the others. Wirt Roddy was down in the cyclone cellar where the women and children huddled, praying and listening. His arms were round Letty's slim shoulders and his whisper was urgent in her ear:

"This is no place for you—you know it! Come away with me, Letty, come away with me! I love you!"

WHEN the cyclone's dark shadow had passed over and the door of the cellar was opened, the first thing that Lige saw as he peered down was the face of Letty, lifted, blushing, to meet the smile of Wirt Roddy's lips. Lige felt sick at heart as he turned away. Yet Letty had not looked as though she loved the debonair stranger; there was a quivering excitement in her face and something like fear in her eyes. He saw Sourdough beside him.

"I'm going to speak to Miss Letty tonight."

"Hey! So'm I!" said his pardner.

Cora, entering the little parlor a few minutes later, found Letty bubbling with suppressed laughter. She looked at her coldly.

"What's the joke?"

"Lige and Sourdough! They came in here as solemn as owls and proposed to me! It was the



funniest thing to watch and, when I fell in with the joke and said they were both too fascinating to decide between them, they asked me to toss up! Lige had a ring and everything ready. Honestly, for a moment I thought they were really serious!"

"You'd better take them seriously!" Cora's words cut like a lash across the girl's laughter. "You're going to get out of here and leave my husband and my children alone—do you hear? You're trying to get Beverly away from me—but you shan't! He's mine, I tell you—*mine!*"

"Cora!" It was Beverly's voice, astounded and hurt, from the doorway. He came in and put a protecting arm around Letty, whose mouth trembled pitifully. Cora's fine dark eyes flashed.

"I could kill her!" she muttered.

Beverly's gasp of surprise started him coughing and he sank, gasping and white, against Letty's shoulder. His wife sprang forward and thrust the girl roughly aside, gathering the sick man against her breast.

"Get out—oh, get out!" she cried.

Letty drew herself up.

"I'll go tomorrow, Cora," she said quietly. "I know where I can go."

Cora drove her over to Wirt Roddy's boarding-house the next morning. The ranch woman was happy at the prospect of getting rid of her husband's pretty cousin—every action showed it. Letty felt very forlorn.

In the little sitting-room she looked into Wirt Roddy's eyes.

"I've come. I'll marry you if you want me to."

He laughed jovially and then looked away from her. His eyes were furtive and his tone half-ashamed.

"There's nothing I'd like better, Letty. But you see—I've got a wife already. Not that that makes any difference to us—it's just that we can't marry. But we'll go to—"

The door had shut behind Letty's slim dignity before he had finished. Cora eyed her with growing disfavor as she faltered out her story. For a moment she thought that Cora was going to drive away without her, but a new idea seemed to have entered the mind of that stern woman.

"You're not going to spend one more night under my roof," she said.

Letty quailed under her look.

"But—where am I to go?"

"There's two men want to marry you. You'll pick whichever one of them you want—but

marry one of them you must. We're driving along to Lige's ranch now."

IT was done. Letty looked down at the heavy gold wedding-ring on her small hand, and from it her piteous eyes lifted to the face of Lige. The others had all gone home after the hasty wedding; even Sourdough had shaken his pardner's hand with, "You always have all the luck, dog gone it!" and ridden cheerily away. Lige looked down at her, eagerly, clumsily, wonderingly. Time went on and night came down over the little house, folding them away from all the world, alone—together.

Lige made her some coffee and took it into the bedroom with awkward tenderness, blushing as he saw that she had unbound the soft hair that fell to her waist. She could not drink his coffee, though she made a brave effort with terrified lips that trembled against the cup. There was sand in it—there was sand in everything—sand—sand and wind.

He took the empty cups and left her. She could hear him pacing up and down in the other room and fear was cold in her veins. Suddenly the pacing stopped. His swift, deliberate step came to the door, flung it open and the next moment he had her in his arms, kissing her hungrily. Her hand swung up involuntarily and she struck his face, a stinging blow that left a dreadful silence between them. He drew back, his blue eyes clouded with misery. Letty's voice was like that of a lost child.

"Why did you make me hate you? Oh, Lige—I didn't want to *hate* you!"

When he answered her, his words were steady and low.

"I didn't understand. I thought you married me to work with me and—love me. You don't love me, Letty. And I think I know why you married me, poor child. I'll never touch you again. Soon, perhaps, I can make some money to send you away. But you're safe—from me—Letty."

The door closed behind him.

SO began those many weeks of strange, yet peaceful life for the driven girl. She tried to keep the house nice for her husband, battled with the sand that seemed to seep through the very walls, burned her slim fingers as she cooked for him and learned to look for the rare smile of approbation that lighted his stern blue eyes. He





*"Let me go with you, Lige. I'll go crazy—alone with the sand and the wind."*

was very gentle with her, but very aloof, seeming to fear his own reactions, and held herself constantly in steady check. Admiration grew in her heart, and a new, queer yearning—for Letty had always had that great need to give love—and there was no one here to love.

Then the season grew wilder, the great stallion, perhaps, stamped upon the hills, making ready for one of his raids across the plains. One day some cattlemen rode up to the house, asking Lige to go with them to a nearby ranch for a conference on the food situation, for the crops had been poor and the cattle were dying for want of nourishment and exposure to the wild weather. Letty lifted her wan little face to her husband's.

"Let me go with you, Lige! I'll go crazy—alone with the sand and the wind!"

So he nodded and set her on a horse, but the wind was blowing hard and she was unaccustomed to riding. Twice she fell but insisted upon keeping on with the effort, until at last Lige persuaded her to go home with Sourdough.

"I won't be long. You go along, Letty."

She could have wept like the child she was. She felt weak, inadequate to be the wife of a strong man who did a strong man's work. Maybe if she were strong—like Cora—Lige would forget his promise and take her in his arms. She blushed suddenly, hotly, at the thought that this time she would not repulse him. There came the rattle of hoofs outside the door. Sourdough looked out and then gasped:

"Someone's hurt! They're bringing him here!" Agony caught her by the throat.

"Maybe it's Lige! Oh, quick! Bring him!"

But, when they laid the motionless figure on the bed and she had lifted the bandanna that kept his face from the blowing sand, she saw that it was the face of—Wirt Roddy!

She gave a cry. Lige, entering, read the startled fear in her eyes and his own looked blue and cold.

"He can't stay here!" she whispered. Lige frowned.

"He's hurt. Where else should he go? Don't be a little fool, Letty."

A sense of impending doom caught at her soul. She felt as though the wicked wind—the wind that hated her as Cora and all strong things hated her—had blown this man here.

**W**IRT Roddy was better in two days. His injuries had not been great, merely a slight concussion caused by falling from his horse, and soon wore off. He was himself, masterful, jesting, teasing her for her cool stand-offishness. She felt that she must be always on guard and, seeing the two men together, Wirt Roddy and Lige, she found that she hated Roddy.

And still the wind blew, louder and stronger, night and day. Lige came in on the third day of Roddy's convalescence and said:

"We're having a round-up of the wild horses. Every able-bodied man is needed."

There was no denying the meaning in his tone. Roddy pulled on his coat and went out into the storm, with a smile over his shoulder at Letty—a meaning, horrible smile that she could not understand.

She caught at Lige's sleeve.

"You'll be home soon as you can?"

He nodded.

"But I don't know just when that will be, tomorrow sometime, likely—maybe late tonight."



*"We'd better be gone by the time Lige gets home—or he'll kill us both."*



It depends upon the horses. I'm counting on this round-up to bring in enough money—so's you can go—"

And then, very swiftly, he stooped and kissed her. The door swung open and he disappeared in a blur of blowing sand.

The girl cried out and would have followed him, but the wind drove her back, gasping. She sank back with a little moan that was half happiness:

"Lige—Lige—I don't want to go—Lige!"

But Lige was out in the storm, riding with the men.

He did not see one rider separate himself from the others and wheel his horse back toward the ranch.

The Norther was coming down full blast. The little house shook and rocked like a living thing, quivering with terror. Letty crouched against the bed, her fingers pressed over her ears, her eyes wide with fear. The wind howled and whooped and died away momentarily in long wails, only to grow again in fearful volume. The kerosene lamp was blown over and its little yellow flames licked across the table. Letty crushed out the fire with her cloak and went back again to her terrified crouching and listening. Then she heard a hand rattling the latch. The wind, again? No, it was a hand, a human hand—Lige! She sprang up and tore open the door with hysterical fingers, throwing herself into the arms of the man who stood there. They closed round her masterfully and she looked up, dazedly, into the face of Wirt Roddy.

She tried to thrust him away and succeeded for a time, eluding him like a hunted creature, even making for the door and plunging into the teeth of the storm, for the wind was better than the storm of human passion that was raging through the blood of the man. Running blindly, she circled on her own tracks and was easily caught again in those terrible arms. And Wirt Roddy carried her into the house and shut the door.

A GREAT stillness had come upon the world—with the dawn. The wind still blew, but the terror had gone out of it and sunshine dappled the plains with blown cloud-shadows. In the blood of Wirt Roddy, too, the storm was spent and he looked at Letty somewhat impatiently.

"Come along, girl—get your things together! We'd better be gone by the time Lige gets home or he'll kill us both!"

She looked at him with eyes that seemed enormous in her small white face—and her words came slowly:

"I hope he does."

Roddy put his great hands on her shoulders and shook her.

"Don't be a little silly! That isn't any way to go on with the man that loves you—come along with me!"

"I'm not going away with you."

His easily roused anger rose, and, as he stepped toward her, she shrank away until her back was against the table. Her hand fell upon the revolver belt he had discarded. She drew the weapon and pointed it at him.

He threw back his massive head and laughed.

"Why, you little spitfire! Come on, don't be silly! You daren't fire that thing!"

His hand closed over her wrist and he pulled her toward him. Her finger clamped down over the trigger—a shot rang out.

A look of strange surprise dawned on the man's face. He sagged, wavered and sank to the floor at Letty's feet.

**PANIC!** Terror! The horror of digging a shallow hole in that ever-shifting sand! The worse horror of dragging—IT—out there! Super-human strength of slender shoulders and shaking hands! Then—it was done!

Letty's great eyes looked out from the window at that terrible little heap of sand. The wind was moving it—dragging it away. The wind had uncovered something—a piece of dark cloth—a hand—

She screamed, a long, wild scream of madness. She threw herself on the bed, shaking with terrible sobs, crazy with utter, ghastly fear.

A sound at the door—a hand—pushing it open—footsteps approaching! Some one laid his fingers on her shoulder; some one lifted her strongly, hushing the dreadful, strangling cries that seemed to burst from her breaking heart. A voice spoke:

"Letty—Letty—my little one, my dear little one—Letty!"

"Lige!"

His blue eyes were full of tenderness; the sunlight was making an aureole around his tangled curls; even the golden stubble of beard did not mask the gentleness and strength of his lips.

She drew quietly away from him and pointed

(Continued on page 31)





*Of course, you know what happens—he and Helga fall in love,  
And each declares, “Ah, you’re the one I’ve been a-dreaming of!”*

## Gotham Gleanings

By LOUIS WESLYN

### THE VIKING

(A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production, Reviewed at the Embassy Theatre)

**T**HEY called him “Lief the Lucky” when he sailed the boundless sea,

A Viking of the Vikings, brave and bold as he could be;  
Historians admit that there’s a lot they do not know  
About this stalwart Norseman of a thousand years ago;  
But, shucks, that makes no difference to the scribes of Hollywood,

For they know all about him, just as movie writers should;  
With inside information that nobody else could find,  
They’ve given us a picture of the real exciting kind.

According to the saga, ’tis the honest Lucky Lief  
Who leads the other Vikings as their hero and their chief;  
They cluster all about him, as a rough and ready crew,  
When Lief goes out exploring far across the ocean blue;  
And with them on the voyage is a very winsome maid—  
A ward of Lief the Lucky—she’s a girl who’s unafraid;  
You well might call her “tom-boy”, although Helga is  
her name;

She likes to pose as “tom-boy”—she’s a maiden just  
the same

And also on the vessel is a young and handsome slave,  
A captive snatched from England—he is young and  
strong and brave;

Of course, you know what happens—he and Helga fall  
in love,

And each declares, “Ah, you’re the one I’ve been  
a-dreaming of!”

Poor Lief is up against it—here’s a thing he cannot buck;  
They called him “Lief the Lucky”, but at last he’s out  
o’luck!

The titles do not tell us, but I guess that Lief must feel  
That somehow he is lacking in that thing called sex  
appeal.

Well, there are complications, but I can’t explain ’em  
here;

I’ll only say: Go see this play—you’ll like it, never fear.  
Despite its incongruities, the film is pretty good,  
The best of Technicolor that has come from Hollywood,  
And Pauline Stark is splendid as the Helga of the piece;  
She looks no more than seventeen—will wonders never  
cease?

And though she’s on a voyage of discovery, my dears,  
She wears a different costume ev’ry time that she appears!



*Up through one disappointment after another, her eyes steadily fixed on the top of the ladder, the spark of genius overcoming every discouragement, that is the story of*

# The Rise of Fannie Brice

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON



Fannie Brice may well smile, for "My Man" (Warner Brothers) has added screen stardom to her professional achievements.

she had dreamed of "going on the stage". An "Amateur Night" at Keeney's Theatre in Brooklyn gave her her start. Pushed onto the stage before she realized where she was, she took her courage in her hands and sang—and won first prize. After that, she sang and won prizes at many "Amateur Nights", but her ambitions were soaring. She got a job at a real theatre in Manhattan, singing the popular ballads that were flashed on a screen. But her restless, ardent spirit always pushed her on, even as the manager that famous night at Keeney's had literally pushed her into the limelight. She wanted to dance as well as sing and so she applied to Cohan and Harris who were in need of chorus girls for a new show. She could sing—but she could not dance—at least, she could not dance with others and the "pony" ballet was not for her. She was ignominiously fired—but she knew what she wanted.

A Mrs. Rachel Lewis advertised that she trained girls for the stage and Fannie went to her. Mrs. Lewis took her "out on the road" where she played one-night stands in "The Ballad Girl", took care of the company dog and made most of the costumes—all for a quarter a day, given her for food! Rachel Lewis gave her no salary, considering that the training Fannie was getting was sufficient.

\* \* \*

"THE Ballad Girl" didn't go so well. Mrs.

Lewis decided that the benighted inhabitants of Pennsylvania wanted something more meaty than comedy. Perhaps success might follow the trail of heavy melodrama—anything was worth trying under the circumstances. So she got "The Royal Slave" from Gordon and Bennett—and Fannie was kept up every night for a week making over the costumes. That is another picture of thin little Fannie Borach that brings the tender, funny smile to the lips of Fannie Brice. Little Fannie Borach, her slender back curved wearily over a big lapful of cotton and velveteen stuffs, her eyelids very heavy, brushing the back of a sleepy hand across lips that would part in a yawn—and then another yawn—while the cheap tin clock ticked and the hands crept round through the night—two o'clock, three o'clock, four—as she sewed innumerable tassels on a pair of corduroy pants.

FANNIE Borach, the little girl with the big heart and dancing feet, was traveling bravely along the rocky road that leads to fame. From childhood, when she slipped unseen into popular theatres and wriggled her way to a place where she could sit and see the show,



But Fannie Borach had a big part in that show, and a bright shawl was added to the yellow cheese-cloth costume, a shawl that was tied round the hips—or where slim little Fannie's hips should have been—so that she had a sweepingly long skirt.

It was a most romantic drama, that "Royal Slave". In it, the persecuted heroine had to be forced into marriage with a man she did not love. It was a terribly thrilling scene, but what on earth was to be done about the wedding dress? For a panic-stricken moment the optimistic Mrs. Lewis knew despair and Fannie saw her first "fat part" dwindle into nothingness.. But Rachel Lewis was an opportunist, too, and her quick eyes had seized upon the cheap lace curtain of their hotel room; her quick hands followed. Pins, basting cotton and swift adjustment—and, behold, a wedding dress that looked like a million dollars—almost!

The play opened, but, on the second night, the manager of the hotel came into the theatre—and he had a policeman with him. With a finger that shook with indignation, he pointed out the curtain. Fannie's heart trembled. Were they going to spring upon the stage and strip her wedding dress from her before the whole house?

THE manager and the policeman went backstage. Fannie played her part and said her lines feverishly, listening all the time with half-an-ear to the rise and fall of indignant voices in the wings. Mrs. Lewis was arguing, the hotel man was shouting and the policeman kept saying, "Now then—now then—" in deep, gruff tones. It was awful. But the end of the act came and nothing dreadful had happened. When Fannie left the stage, she found that Mrs. Lewis had managed the situation with her usual capability, parting with three dollars as the price of the curtain—"and he wanted ten for it, the stingy old robber, can you imagine!"

Things got worse and worse with the little company of troupers. Houses were half empty and hungry young stomachs felt emptier still. One morning Fannie sat in the writing room of a cheap hotel where the troupe was staying and wondered what would happen if the show went completely broke. Two more of the company, a mother and daughter, compared doleful notes with hers. And then, instinctively it seemed, Fannie's swift green eyes caught the reflection of something in the mirror—Rachel Lewis and a friend were descending the hotel stairs very cau-

tiously, and in their hands they carried suitcases!

"Look!" Fannie breathed to the others. "Rachel's jumping the show!"

"Now what shall we do?" her friends wailed. "We haven't a cent for railroad fare. Do we walk to New York?"

"Come on!" said Fannie briskly. "We're going right along with them, only they don't know it yet. Keep under cover, girls, until the train starts."

They boarded the train and sat well toward the back of the same car in which Rachel and



*This scene from "My Man" is reminiscent of Fannie's early amateur days.*

her friend were sure they were making a getaway. Presently the conductor came with his brisk, "Fares please!"

Fannie's two friends gave her a petrified glance, but she never turned a hair.

"That lady up front in the blue hat—she'll pay for us," she smiled.

Rachel Lewis turned round, caught that smile and flushed. But she paid the fares and the train



roared happily on toward New York. Yet, as they drew nearer the city, Fannie saw that the two with her were not so light-hearted as they were trying to pretend. The mother's face was very tired and the delicately pretty face of the girl was drawn with worry. Fannie, with her genius for friendship, felt sympathy tugging at her heart—the sympathy she always had for all distress.

"Something's bothering you. What is it?" she asked.

Child as she was, the older woman felt the warm strength in her young voice.

"Nothing much, dearie. It's just that we don't know just where to go when we get to town. We haven't a cent—neither have you, so you know how it is. We'll get in too late to find anyone ready to lend us some cash, and we've nowhere to sleep as far as I can see. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going home to mother in Brooklyn, of course," Fannie said. "But listen—you can't just sleep any old place like that! Come home with me—Mother will love to have you."

So busy, warm-hearted Mrs. Borach took them in and gladly fed them and made room for them. She made them so comfortable, indeed, that they were most reluctant to go, and Fannie hated to tell them that they had outstayed their welcome. Days went on—and weeks—and still the mother stayed in the Borach home until at last, in desperation, Mrs. Borach had to tell them bluntly that they would have to move.

"And, would you believe it," says Fannie, "they were actually insulted! Why, we almost had to get a policeman to ask them to leave!"

Such are the costs of hospitality—sometimes. But even that did not cure Fannie of throwing wide her home and her heart to every "lame dog" that crossed her colorful pathway. But, for a long time after that, Mrs. Borach used to tease her young daughter whenever she went away, saying:

"Be a good girl, Fannie, and mind—don't bring any more actresses home with you!"

A FEW months later the Borachs moved from Brooklyn to Manhattan where Fannie went to see Hurtig and Seamon, burlesque managers. They were impressed by her personality and rehearsals were called. The director eyed the tall, thin young thing with the masterful nose and laughing green eyes. She was taller than the others, she was different from the others, she

wasn't his idea of how a chorus girl should look, anyhow, and he was not at all pleased. The girls began to dance and the director took one look at Fannie's dancing and struck.

"I won't put on a show with her in it!" he announced.

"Well, she can sing," said one of the bosses.

"Then let her sing—but keep her off this here stage, that's all!"

So they compromised and put Fannie in a box or in the gallery or the orchestra—anywhere but behind the footlights. Fannie sang and got a lot of attention both in New York and when they went on the road. But that flame of ambition was burning brightly in the heart of the girl with green eyes and she knew that she *must* learn to dance this time. The show toured the West and that staunch friend, guide and sympathetic adviser, Fannie's own mother, made her daughter a trunkful of new clothes for the trip. They were dainty underthings, chic blouses, lacy nightgowns such as only the nimble fingers of a Frenchwoman can make, and the other girls were mightily envious. Fannie had an idea.

She held up a piece of be-ribboned lingerie before one of the girls.

"You can have this," she said, "if you'll give me an hour every morning for a week, teaching me dance steps!"



*And it isn't all happiness and laughter even for Fannie's screen self. Here she realizes that her little blonde sister, Edna Murphy, has captured the love of her heart.*



That is the way her clothes went. She made famous progress, but, by the time she got into the chorus, she was reduced to washing out the "undies" she was wearing, overnight, and donning them the next day. All the "changes" were bartered for dancing lessons! But the flame was burning big and bright. She was behind the footlights, her long, slender legs kicked out in perfect rhythm with all the other legs in the chorus and her long, slender body had acquired new grace and poise.

They put her in the back row of the chorus. It was not long before she was in the second row and then—the first.

**B**UT Fannie Brice was tired of being in the chorus. Ambition leaped forward again. She wanted to be a soubrette. She began to think hard about that.

After a lot of figuring, she asked if she could understudy the lead of the show.

They let her understudy that lead all she wanted—and they grinned pityingly. The soubrette was a great, strapping, healthy girl, tall and hearty—the sort of girl who had never had a day's illness in her life and never intended to. Fannie looked at her in despair.

"Of course, you *would* be like that!" she murmured.

Days and nights went by. It seemed as if the leading light would never catch cold or break her ankle or elope—or do any of the things that might give Fannie Brice the one chance she craved.

An then, one evening, the soubrette came to the theatre looking pale and worried.

"I've got the most gosh-awful lump just behind my ear!" she confided.

Fannie Brice's heart gave a leap inside her, even while the surge of real sorrow and sympathy for suffering led her to do what she could for the sufferer. The soubrette was plucky and a good trouper. She went on that evening and the next, though the ear was getting more and more painful. But there is a limit to the bravest endeavor and at last a doctor was called and the poor girl taken from the theatre just before her curtain call on the third night. The abscess had burst while she was waiting for her call in the wings and the doctor took her home.

Willing hands helped Fannie change her costume in a hurry and pushed her out for the opening song. Her chance had come. Fannie's green eyes shone, her long body lilted to every bar of



*There are dreams in Fannie's brave green eyes, dreams and memories. Life has had its bitter-sweet moments but only the sweetness remains about the strong young mouth that greets each day with a smile.*

the music and her queer, fascinating voice caught the house by the heartstrings.

There was only one result. When the soubrette came back to the show, she was put in the chorus. Fannie held her place in front of it.

The Hurtig and Seamon show closed after a few months and Fannie came back to New York. She was Fannie Brice now, for good. She had grown tired of being teased about her name—called "More-act" and "Borax" and other variations of her natal "Borach". Her mother had a friend called "Brice". Fannie adopted it.

**S**HE had been in the city a few weeks when she saw Max Spiegel's ad for show girls for "The College Girls". She went down to his office looking very grown-up and graceful in the new dress her mother had made her.

(Continued on page 31)



*Looking at her angelic face, no one would have guessed that she was a crook. Hearing her innocent voice, no one would have supposed that she was*

# A Lady of Chance

By ROSEMARY LEE

"BADGER" Bradley and his golden-haired partner in select crime honored the lobby of the Ritz with easy yet all-seeing eyes. They made a smart and sophisticated picture as they stood there, he, debonair and perfectly groomed, she, exquisitely turned out and undoubtedly beautiful in a sense, though in both of them there lurked an atmosphere at once daring and unscrupulous.

Across the lobby they spotted the particular prey they were stalking. An elderly man leaned with obvious infatuation over the telephone desk where the girlish operator lifted a lovely oval face to meet his gaze. Her wide eyes seemed to brim with dewy tears and to the man's evident consolation she essayed a brave little smile. Finally she nodded as though promising to accept his help and he left her, swaggering complacently. As he turned his back, the face of the pathetic little telephone girl cleared as if by magic, and the smile that tilted her lips was anything but angelic.

"She's got ahead of us with that bird!" Bradley remarked.

His partner, Gwen, looked at him pityingly.

"Don't you recognize her? That's 'Angel-face'—you know, the girl who got away from Pen-tonville last year. The bulls are after her to make up the time she still has coming to her. That's why she's changed the hair-cut. But it's Angel-face all right—and working a lone racket. Well, she's hooked Marsden. I guess we'll have to quit."

"Quit, nothing! We'll take her into the firm and let her work on Marsden under our—er—supervision. Then we get—"

"Divide into three?"

"Well, we'll tell her we'll divvy up, but—"

The smile that passed between them was one of perfect understanding.

THEY got her to their apartment by the simple expedient of having two apparent plainclothes men pick her up as she left the hotel. They had the information and "Angel-face" shrugged her slim shoulders and went with them. When she was ushered into the presence of Bradley and Gwen, her startled annoyance was amusing to them.

"Why can't you two work your own racket and let mine alone?" she said. "I'm getting on all right by myself and not butting in on your little stunts."

"But you *are*!" Gwen contradicted. "Marsden's our meat. You've looped him. Now you'll finish the game with us or—"

They had her cornered and she knew it. Dolly Grant, the girl that all crookdom knew as "Angel-face", was never one to kick against facts. She accepted them and made the best of them (for herself) when possible. She did now. Her impish smile flashed out, to be followed by the innocent, almost holy look that had given her her nickname.

"You mean I'm to help you take money from a poor old gentleman? Oh, I don't think it would be good to do a thing like that!"

"No, just help us all take money from a *rich* old gentleman. That's quite different. Now you call him up and arrange to have him come here tonight."

THE next morning, to the somewhat amused smiles of several policemen, an agitated elderly gentleman told an old, old tale of woe.

"She looked so innocent—and I felt so fatherly! Of course, I had nothing but the most honorable intentions, but her husband came in and was most *unreasonable*."

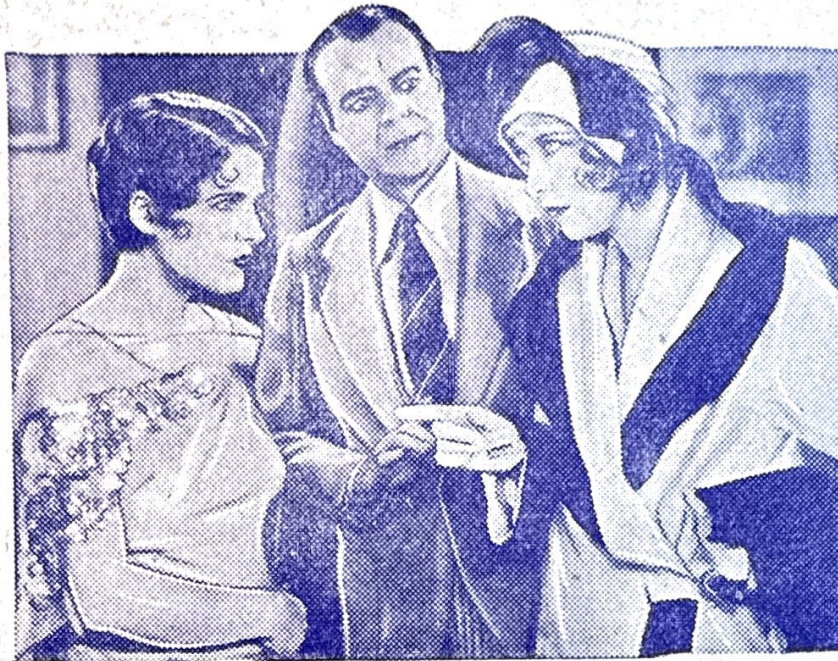
"Uh-huh!" said the police captain. "How much did they stick you?"

"Ten thousand—cash."

"Um—can you pick out her picture from among these?"

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the original story by Leroy Scott. A. P. Younger wrote the scenario and Robert Z. Leonard directed, with Norma Shearer appearing as Dolly, Lowell Sherman as Bradley, Gwen Lee as Gwen, John Mack Brown as Steve Crandall, Eugenie Besserer as Mrs. Crandall and Buddie Messinger as Hank.





*"Let me alone to work my own racket," Angel-face said. "I'm not interfering with yours." "But you are!" Gwen answered. "Marsden's our meat!"*

"Let me see—wait—yes! *That's the one!*"

The police captain raised his eyebrows knowingly.

"Angel-face is on the rampage again, eh? Well, Mr. Marsden, better men than you have fallen into that same trap. But we'll see what we can do."

IN an uptown apartment Bradley quietly opened the door, tip-toed across the living-room where Dolly lay on a couch in angelic-looking slumber and went into the next room to be greeted by Gwen.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes. Here, put it out of sight. Understand—the check was stopped and the old boy couldn't come across with cash."

Through the keyhole the alert eyes of Dolly Grant followed Gwen's movement as she thrust the fat roll of bills under a lacy pillow. When Bradley re-entered the living-room, the girl was just opening her eyes and yawning sleepily. She greeted:

"Lo, Bradley! Got the money?"

He shook his head sadly.

"The old owl was too wise. Wrote a check and stopped it before I could cash it. Well—better luck next time!"

To his surprise Dolly seemed to take it hard.

"Oh—oh—oh-oh! The mean old thing! Oh, Gwen, did you ever hear of such a mean old wretch! And, gee, I worked so hard to get him

interested and everything. A good girl's got no chance in this town!"

She flung herself, weeping wildly, on Gwen's shoulder as she sat on the bed. The blonde adventuress looked over her bent head and caught Bradley's eye.

"Go and get her a drink," she directed and set herself to patting Dolly methodically and murmuring sympathetic words. So real seemed the girl's grief that the imperceptible movement of her supple fingers was unsuspected and it was not until later when Dolly, apparently consoled, had left the others alone together that they had any notion of what she had done. Not until the apartment door slammed and they dashed simultaneously to look under the pillow were they sure. Then they looked at each other and a deep eloquent silence fell between them.

THERE was a conference of the Amalgamated Cement Manufacturers in Atlantic City. Dolly, radiantly lovely in the new clothes she had bought, looked over the cement manufacturers with the eye of a connoisseur. And one day, coming down in the hotel elevator, she overheard the nicest male voice she had ever listened to, a deep, young, vibrant voice. And it was saying:

"I wouldn't consider a cent under a hundred thousand dollars for it. That's my last word."

She looked up at the speaker. He was tall and young and eager. He looked like an ad for ath-



letic goods, she thought, and he talked in figures of hundreds of thousands! Ye gods! What a combination!

He paused at the telegraph desk and wrote a message. Then it happened that, before he had had time to hand it in, he was hailed by a friend and left the blank while he spoke to him. When he turned back to the desk, the wire was gone and the operator said:

"The young lady paid for it, sir."

She looked demurely up at him as he questioned her and nodded her head, saying softly:

"I thought you had forgotten it—and I couldn't help seeing that it was to a mother."

The sweetness of her voice sang its melody into his heart. He did not know that she had been far more practically than sentimentally interested in the message. It had read:

"Several prominent men are interested in the deal, mother dear, and it looks like a million dollars. Shall be home soon to tell you all about it. Steve."

A million dollars! The adorable sweetness deepened in her eyes and Steve Crandall marveled at the loveliness of her thought for mothers.

"That was very kind of you," he said gently. "Mothers are very important, aren't they?"

Suddenly he saw that the lovely eyes were filled with tears and the soft mouth was trembling. Her low tones faltered:

"You see—I—I never had a mother."

His chivalrous strength fell for her "line" right away, as she had guessed it would. That conversation was only the first of many more. He was led by every wile she put forward, as simply as a child, and yet he baffled her. She tempted him subtly and he held himself in check. He would not permit her to go with him for long moonlight drives or do anything that might in any way compromise her. He treated her with the most devoted respect that a knight ever gave a lady and Angel-face could not understand it at all. She found that she must play him carefully. He did not understand veiled insinuations or double meanings—or, if he understood them, he was so sure that she could not have meant them that she might as well have saved her breath. He was as careful of her as though she had been a fragile flower. And then, one night, he told her that he was going home the next day. Dolly Grant was at her wits' end.

She must get this rich prospect roped in before he got away from her. Subtle means had failed

—she would have to be more direct. A breach of promise case, now—

THEY were coming to the end of their last evening, rolling hotelward in a luxurious chair pushed by a singing dorky. The night was deep blue and filled with stars and the scent of the sea mingled with the perfume of the roses Steve had bought her.

"Way down along the Swanee ribber—far—far—away," sang the melodious bass of the chair-boy. Steve sighed happily.

"He sounds just like the darkies singing on the plantation down home." Dolly snuggled nearer to him and he immediately drew the lap-robe more closely round her, inquiring if she was chilly.

"No," she said truthfully. "Tell me, is your home on the plantation?"

"Looking right over it," he said. "It's the loveliest view from our windows."

"I suppose plantations are worth a lot of money," she ventured.

"Some of them are worth a million dollars," he said.

"Oooh! I'd—I'd love to see your home."

"Would you?" A warm light glowed boyishly in his eyes, but he seemed to check himself on the edge of speech and fell silent, looking at the stars and the sea.

Dolly was desperate. Either he was the wisest guy she had ever met or he was the biggest fool. Well, either way, she'd fix him.

As he stepped from the chair and turned to pay the boy, she stooped and, with a sudden twist, wrenched off the slender heel from her slipper. Then, as she took Steve's hand to descend, she half-fell, half-collapsed against him. His arm was very strong and gentle and for the first time the girl felt a twinge of guilt at her deception. Yet she had made up her mind to play this game through.

"My ankle!" she moaned in a piteous little voice. "I've hurt it!"

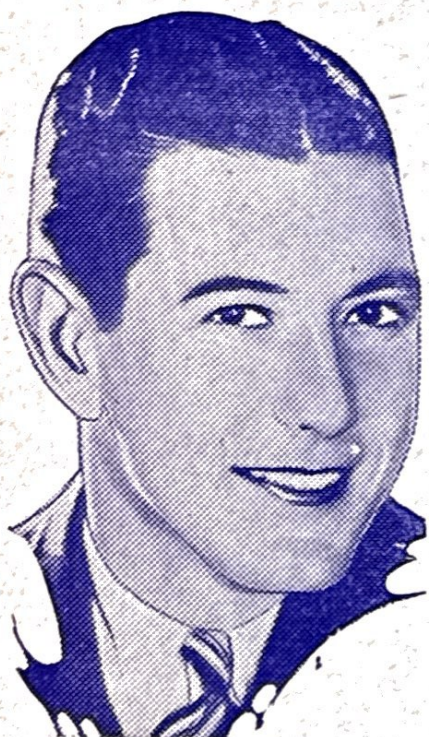
He picked her up and carried her up to her room, laying her gently down on a divan.

"Shall I call the maid?" he asked.

Dolly bit her lip. What was the matter with this darn man? Here he was, alone with a beautiful girl who was lame and utterly at his mercy, and he asked her if she wanted the maid!

"You fix it," she said childishly. "Your hands are so kind. I had no idea such a strong man could be so tender."





*He had a clear, boyish smile and the shoulders of an athlete—and he talked in hundred-thousand dollar figures. What a gift from the gods!*

The warm red surged into his tanned cheeks.

"It's easy to be tender with you," he said.

This was better. But he was being intensely practical now, bringing ice from the refrigerator and laying it, stingingly, against the ankle until she could have cried out in real pain.

"That's enough!" she said. "Truly—it feels so much better. You have been so—so—sweet to me, Steve. I want to thank you. Here—lean closer."

Her soft red lips were very near, her little hands clung like tendrils round his heart. Stephen Crandall would not have been a man if he had not felt the lure of her eyes and mouth.

He kissed her, and under his kiss something stirred in Dolly Grant's heart. What if this was real—this strange—*holy* feeling?

Gee, fancy feeling like that about any man! She knew men—and knew that a girl must be hard, hard as nails, if she was to get anywhere in this world. Now was the moment. How she would kick herself if she let it slip. Her eyes, looking into his, were like blue flowers and her little-girl voice was never so appealing as at that moment.

"Oh-h-h, Steve! You kissed me! I—I could

make you marry me for that, d'you know?"

The hand that held hers trembled as though the man's whole body quivered with emotion.

"Dolly! Lovely little one! Would you—would you really consider marrying me? It is almost too much for a man to dream of—for a man like me to dream of. But I've been in love with you from the first moment I saw you. I adore you—worship you, Dolly!"

The soft gasp that she breathed against his cheek was real enough in its surprise. Marry him! She hadn't thought that anything like that would come her way. Men didn't marry girls like Dolly Grant. And this big, splendid boy with his plantation and his hundred-thousand dollar deals and everything was begging her to marry him—imploring her as though he were the humblest peasant bowing before his Queen.

"Steve, I will!"

"Tomorrow, before we go home down South? I want to take you to my mother."

"Tomorrow," she promised, "right after I pay my hotel bill, I'll meet you in the lobby."

He fell for that, too.

"Darling, don't talk about hotel bills. I'm going to begin taking care of you from this moment—and I will pay your precious little bills—now and forever!"

"I'll say you will!" she said to the closed door when he had gone and then felt annoyed at that little twinge of guilt that touched her again. "I'm getting to be positively soft," she chided herself.

*(Continued on page 31)*



*The lovely eyes were filled with tears and the soft mouth was trembling. "You see—I never had a mother," she faltered.*





*Henry was a ham actor who was cured—but had a relapse; George, his assistant was supposed to look dumb—he was a big success. ("The Cut-Ups," Stern Brothers, Universal.)*

## Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

"I'll need many servants—and you can be all of them!" ("The Cut-Ups," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

Etiquette teaches one not to eat soup with a sponge. ("The Cut-Ups," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

Snookums was like the second-hand car—usually in trouble. ("Newlyweds Camp Out," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

George got married—so now he's under new management. ("Television George," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

Mike and Ike had been good friends since the best arch supporter was a brass rail. ("Just the Type," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

Their landlady had her face lifted so often her Adam's apple was where her nose should be. ("Just the Type," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

When Pat was born, all the storks were busy so an elephant brought him. ("Buster's Spooks," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

"We thought you were drowned."  
"I should say I wasn't—I never was." ("Buster's Spooks," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

Buster's heart was broken in three places—Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul. ("The Magician," Stern Brothers, Universal.)

\* \* \*

Tige didn't want to a nurse girl, either—his dog friends might talk about him. ("The Magician," Stern Brothers, Universal.)





Zarah was even lovelier in modern Parisian clothes than in the sweeping Eastern robes of the daughter of the desert.

*He left civilization's silken lures  
and went to the Sahara. Here,  
he thought, would be no  
feminine traps, no disillusion,  
no women. And, yet, under the burning  
Eastern sun and against all  
the odds of the Orient,  
he found*

## Love in the Desert

By RITA RADCLIFF.



"The time has come to strike and drive out the white engineers who are defying the will of Allah in the desert," Abdullah told his followers.

**B**IG BILL Sears, in charge of the Winslow irrigation plant in the Sahara Desert, thumped a great fist down on his desk where a gaudy orange envelope betokened that a telegram had just come in.

"Of all times to send us that parlor snake—that boudoir hound—that chorus-girl Johnnie! Of all times! Arriving tomorrow!"

The other engineers gathered round. In the corner of the office, a shabby Arab crouched, his dark eyes peering from under his hooded robe, Houdish, the native "office boy", sweeper and duster of the outfit. Nobody paid any attention to him; they were all too busy voicing their opinions of the news Sears had given.

"The Old Man wrote that he was sending him, didn't he?"

"I suppose he's parking him on us to keep him out of trouble."

"Two—or is it three—breach-of-promise cases since he's been out of college! I hear he can't resist the ladies."

This is an adaptation of F.B.O.'s screen presentation of the original story by Harvey Thew. George Melford directed, with Olive Borden appearing as Zarah, Noah Beery as Abdullah, Hugh Trevor as Bob Winslow, Frank Leigh as Harrim, Pearl Varvell as Fatima, William H. Tooker as Mr. Winslow, Ida Darling as Mrs. Winslow, Gordon Magee as Sears, Alan Roscoe as Houdish and Fatty Carr as "Tiny" Briggs.

"Of course, the Old Man hadn't any idea of the danger—he hasn't had time to hear the details about Kirkwood—and now poor old Scott—"

"Oh, shut up, all of you!" shouted Sears. "Listen to the young blighter's wire:

"Turn out the Rotary Club and the Fire Brigade band. I arrive in your fair city tomorrow evening. Bob Winslow'.

"That's what I have to act nursemaid to!"

"And us with a nice little Arab war hanging in the offing—fellows like Kirkwood and Scott being picked off by that fiendish old sheik, Abdullah! It must have been he, don't you think so?"

"Sure, I do. I spoke to the Captain of the Legion this morning and he says they can't do anything—haven't got enough men to go and get Abdullah—always willing to help if it comes to a scrap, but that's all. It's lucky old Harrim isn't like Abdullah," said Sears.

"Doc" Haines joined in.

"Harrim married an English wife, that's why. She died a great many years ago, but his little daughter's kept her memory alive for him. Harrim's a gentleman, even if he is an Arab sheik."

"Well," said Sears, "this puppy of Winslow's



will just have to take his chances with the rest of us. Let's have a drink."

Houdish, the Arab, arose from his seat in the corner and silently glided from the office. Mounting a swift horse, he made his way to the oasis where Abdullah's luxurious headquarters were drowsing in the hot sun. The gorgeous figure of the sheik glittered with jewels as he turned to the newcomer.

"What news?"

"The son of the white engineer, Winslow, arrives tomorrow."

"Allah be praised! He has delivered him into my hand! He shall die—or at least suffer—both I think. I hate these white dogs. One of them, however, will bark no more."

"Abdullah's arm is long!" praised one of his underlings, admiring the brawny strength of his chief. "It is a pity that the sheik Harrim encourages the white dogs."

"Harrim married an Englishwoman and had by her a daughter. Therefore is his heart soft toward these people. I hate them—yet—the daughter of Harrim is very fair. It may be that Harrim will give her to me if I relent toward his friends."

"The sheik, Harrim, and the beautiful Zarah come to dine with you tomorrow at sundown," said the other.

Abdullah's full lips parted in a sly grin.

"I will try to persuade Harrim at that time that I would be a good husband for his daughter," he said.

**MEANWHILE**, at the stately old palace where Harrim lived with his dark-eyed daughter, Sears and the French Captain of the Foreign Legion were asking the friendly sheik to intervene with Abdullah and use his influence to stop him from committing more crimes against the white engineers. Zarah, herself, lovely as a desert rose, promised to put in her word when they dined the next evening with Abdullah and, as the Frenchman gallantly put it, there could not be a more exquisite advocate.

**T**HE rolling sandhills swept like tawny waves as far as the eye could see. Bob Winslow, his bright hair shining in the sunset and his lean young body swaying to every motion of his horse, laughed back over his shoulder at the perspiring struggles of his pal, "Tiny" Briggs, who toiled along behind. Tiny was not built for horseback travel,

but he was devoted to Bob, and, wherever Bob went, Tiny followed bravely.

"Y-y-you may think this is fun," he gasped, "b-b-but I don't! Look at the s-s-sand! Your family certainly saw to it that you'd be far away from any women when they s-s-sent you here!"

"It won't be long now, old man," Bob said. "This escort of ours says we've got another only three-quarters of an hour before we strike Sear's place. Say, look at the Arabs coming over that slope! It's just like a movie!"

The group of oncoming horsemen swept down on them, circled round Bob and cut him off from Tiny and the Arab escort of six riders who accompanied them. A supple rope was twined about the young man's arms and the horror-stricken Tiny saw that they were about to carry off his friend under his eyes.

"Don't worry, old chap!" Bob shouted as his captors wheeled away. "This is some practical joke of old Sears! I'll show up later!"

He was gone and the drifting sands settled over the marks the galloping hoofs left behind. Tiny Briggs, worried and unhappy, rode on with the frightened escort.

**A**LL was festivity at Abdullah's oasis. His neighbor sheik, Harrim, and the lovely Zarah had been received with pomp and ceremony. Steaming meats and rare fruits were piled on the low tables and the guests reclined at ease on silken cushions. Harrim's noble face was stern and troubled. All he could say in the way of intercession seemed to fall on deaf ears as far as Abdullah was concerned.

"But these white engineers wish to do good to the desert, to make springs of water where no springs were and bring fertility where now is barrenness," he pleaded.

"It is against the will of Allah," Abdullah answered. "Had Allah wished for springs of water in the desert, there would be springs. I am doing the work of Allah when I halt these undertakings."

"I would give much that you might alter your mind," said Harrim. "The work of these men is very dear to my heart."

"You would give much?" answered Abdullah, his interest deepening. "Tell me—would you give me your daughter, Zarah, to wed—if I left the white engineers alone?"

Harrim's face was very grave.

"I promised the mother of my daughter that,





*"I have come on the condition that you will not harm my father or my friends."*

when Zarah's time came to wed, she should choose for herself. You must obtain your answer from the lips of Zarah. Never will I coerce her."

The girl, radiant in embroidered silks, entered at that moment and seated herself beside her father. Abdullah began to ply her with cakes, dainties and fulsome compliments. She was polite to him, but drew round herself a quiet wall of girlish dignity that maddened him. He vowed to himself that he would have her—he must have her.

THE supper was over and the two desert chiefs were enjoying the smoke of their long Eastern pipes and tiny goblets of sweet wine while Zarah sat quietly between them when there came the sound of approaching horsemen and Abdullah's chief henchman entered the tent with the words:

"We have captured the young man, oh, Sheik—behold him!"

And there, bound, at the tent door stood Bob Winslow, his fair hair tossed, his boyish face expressive of puzzlement and surprise.

Abdullah bit his lip. It was unfortunate that this capture should have been made so openly before Harrim, who was a friend of the white men. Harrim's face was full of regret and sympathy for the lad. But Bob Winslow saw neither of them. His blue eyes were riveted on the lovely, vivid face of the girl, Zarah, while her eyes, dark and shining, widened with sweet wonder and terror as she looked at him.

"Take him to the outer tent and bind him down," said Abdullah. "I will attend to him later."

"What are you going to do?" Harrim asked. "May I not beg of you to send him to his own people?"

"I shall send him to his own people—piece by piece!" Abdullah snarled. "Soon, perhaps, they will learn to leave the desert alone."

Zarah's face was paler than usual but her brave eyes did not betray the storm of horror in her soul. She let fifteen or twenty minutes slip by. Soon it would be the hour for prayer, every eye in the Arab camp would be turned toward Mecca, every mind concentrated on the voice of the muezzin, chanting the evening prayer. She rose lightly to her feet and excused herself on the plea that she had left a scarf in the women's quarters. As she passed through the door, she slipped a long dagger from a sheath of trophies on the wall and, concealing it in the folds of her veil, glided like a supple shadow from the tent. She was not a moment too soon. The call of the muezzin rang out and all the Arabs, including the guard at the door of the outer tent, turned their faces eastward. Bent double, Zarah slid under the curtained doorway.



*Zarah gave a loud scream as the door burst open and Abdullah's hand grasped hers.*



**B**OB Winslow, stretched flat upon the sandy floor, his feet and hands bound to pegs so that he was "spread-eagled" and utterly helpless, looked up into the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen, eyes that were full of concern and pity—for him.

Swiftly she cut the rope that tied his right hand and motioned to him to free himself of the other bonds. He did so, wondering.

"I say—this is a joke, isn't it? I mean—the wild man in the jewels and things is only being what he thinks funny—eh?"

"Hush!" she said. "Oh, hush! The danger is very real—you do not know how real! Quickly! There is a camel outside with a closed howdah—the one I ride in! Get into that and wait! Don't make a sound!"

Then, less than six minutes from the time she had left them, she glided back to her father and Abdullah. Presently she pleaded weariness, and Harrim, sensing every thought of his loved child, knew that she wanted to leave. He made courteous excuses to Abdullah who begged him to stay and, after what seemed to the girl an interminable time, they started homeward.

In the close confines of the curtained howdah she heard Bob's vibrant young voice.

"You lovely, lovely thing! I don't know what this adventure is all about but I'm thoroughly enjoying it. How is it that you, looking as if you had stepped straight out of an Arabian Night's tale, can speak English so perfectly? How does it happen that I, escaping to Arabia to be far, far away from alluring ladies, meet *you* as soon as I arrive? It's fate, isn't it?"

He was so boyishly enthusiastic! His eyes, laughter-filled in the curtained shadows that swayed with the swaying camel, were so blue! Zarah's fiery heart was conquered completely and Bob, so accustomed to the shallow women of the life he had left behind, sensed something different in this dark-eyed girl—something real and deep and strong.

He stayed that night in the old palace where Harrim welcomed him as guest and the next morning they took him to Sears at the Winslow office. He was greeted with warmth by the tough old engineer, who had had visions of the letter he would have to write to the boy's parents and was mightily relieved at his safety. Tiny Briggs almost wept as he flung his arms about his rescued friend and everyone crowded round to hear the story. And in the corner crouched Houdish, the

Arab, watching and listening. He had witnessed the terrible anger of Abdullah the night before when he had gone to the outer tent and found the severed bonds. The guard had paid with his life for that moment of prayer when he had turned away from the captive, and Abdullah was raging like a madman, suspecting every man in his entourage of having freed the captive. Now Houdish knew the answer to the riddle. He went straight from the office to Abdullah's oasis.

**M**EANWHILE, the love that had blossomed so swiftly in two young hearts flourished happily in the sunny courtyard of Harrim's palace. Bob had ridden over there as soon as he had assured Sears of his safety and on his arrival had been greeted by a girl who no longer wore the sweeping Eastern robes of last night's encounter but was clad in the daintiest and most modern Parisian clothes. He fell in love with her all over again as he looked at her and she blushed at the ardor in his eyes.

**S**EVERAL days went by. Abdullah seemed strangely quiet and Sears was suspicious of that silence. That staunch friend, the French Captain of *Légionnaires*, held his handful of men prepared for danger, but they were pitifully few. If Abdullah should decide to attack—

**A**BDULLAH was preparing to do just that. The information brought by Houdish that Zarah had been the rescuer of Bob Winslow had thrown the sheik into a towering passion, and the word that the young man was constantly with the girl and that her father seemed to favor his suit made him more savage still. He proclaimed a Holy War and sent messengers north, south, east and west to summon the chiefs of religiously fanatical tribes. Telling them that the time was come to strike and drive out the white engineers who were defying the will of Allah in the desert, he mustered an army of horsemen and camel riders and held them ready. Then he went to see Harrim. His mind was set on one of two things: Either he would obtain possession of Zarah as a hostage for the lives of her father and friends or he would have revenge and wipe all of them from the face of the Sahara.

Harrim gave him the simple answer of a man of honor. Zarah's choice should be free and he would not barter her in exchange for life itself if it were against her will.

When Abdullah left him, the old sheik sat in





*It was a battle of youth and strength against brawn and brutality.*

deep, unhappy thought: Zarah, entering radiantly from the rose-scented courtyard where she and Bob Winslow had plighted their love, felt a sudden chill in her heart. Lovingly, coaxingly, she got the truth from her father and her lovely eyes were wide with fear. She knew Abdullah's power with the tribes; she knew the horror that would follow an onslaught on the town. And, yet, to be Abdullah's wife, to be the chattel of that savage creature with his thick lips and heavy arms—her mind reeled at the thought!

To save her own life she could not do it. But to save her father's life—and Bob's—The brave dark eyes shone with a flame of courage and the small chin lifted. Her voice was very steady.

"Father, I will go to Abdullah."

THE tribes were assembled about the oasis. Abdullah, gloating over the keen blade as he thrust his sword into the jeweled sheath on his belt, looked up as a shadow fell across the bright steel.

"Zarah!"

"I have come, my lord."

"Ha! Allah be praised!" He caught her to him in a rough embrace but she pressed him away with all her young strength.

"I have come—on the condition you know—that you will not harm my friends or my father."

"They shall be safe as long as Allah wills," he said enigmatically. "Come—we shall announce our wedding to the tribes and you shall prepare yourself in the women's quarters."

When she had passed behind the silken hangings, he went out and summoned the tribal chieftans, telling them that the hour to strike was not yet—but to be in readiness; meanwhile, that night, fasting and merriment should take the place

of war for he was going to wed Zarah, the daughter of Harrim.

BOB entered the Winslow office with downcast face.

"I don't understand it," he said to Sears. "I've just been round to Harrim's palace and they told me Zarah was away. The old man knew I was there, for I saw him looking from one of the upper windows, but he did not come down and his face was so drawn and miserable."

"Perhaps this note will explain it," Sears said kindly. "A bearer brought it over this morning."

As Bob Winslow read that short letter, his boyish carelessness fell away from him and he became a man, brave and resolute—a man of action whose beloved was in danger and needed his help, for the note read:

"Dearest: I have gone to Abdullah. It was that or your death and the death of my father and all our friends. I shall always love you, but my love is a little thing to sacrifice on the altar of your dear life. Zarah."

The delicate writing was blotted with tears.

Bob thrust the letter into Sears's hands.

"She has gone to that beast to save us! We're not going to let it happen, are we? We're men—and can die like men if necessary, can't we? You make ready the defenses here, Sears, I'm going after Zarah!"

"It's madness, boy!" Sears cried, but Bob burst away from him and ran to where his horse was tethered. And lumbering behind him went tiny Briggs, faithful to his friendship.

THE two rode out across the desert. The sunset swept down the sky in a riot of color and from Abdullah's oasis they could hear the beating



of festal drums. A memory spurred Bob on. It would soon be the time of prayer when the Arabs would be too engrossed with thoughts of Mecca to notice—if a man was swift and silent in his coming. They tied their horses to a bush in a gully and crept nearer and nearer to the tents. The dark was coming on with Eastern suddenness and the moving shadows attracted no attention. Posting Briggs as a guard, Bob wormed himself under a tent-flap and made his way to the women's quarters. Behind a curtain he thought he heard a little moan. He pushed it aside. Zarah was there, clad in all her bridal finery and weeping quietly, despairingly. At the sound of his whisper, she sprang up in alarm, urging him to fly, to escape, to permit her to make her sacrifice. Even as she spoke, there was the sound of a foot-fall in the corridor and the girl suppressed a terrified shriek, for her eyes met those of Abdullah, glaring fiercely over her lover's shoulder! The sheik's pistol covered them both, but, as he was about to fire it, he staggered and fell. The faithful Tiny had clubbed him from behind. Outside the tent they heard the measured rise and fall of many voices. The hour for prayer had come.

Bob swung Zarah up in his arms and carried her to the waiting horses. Tiny mounted his, and the three rode away across the dunes to safety.

**W**HEN Abdullah came to, his fury was unbounded. Calling the tribes together, he made ready for instant attack on the town. Sears saw the Arab horsemen sweeping down across the sandhills and armed every man in the outfit. The handful of Légionnaires was posted behind the walls and old Harrim's palace was guarded by armed servants. Harrim himself, overjoyed at the return of his daughter, drew his great sword and prepared to defend her. Bob and Tiny posted themselves at the gates and the attack began.

Shouting and firing their long muskets, the savage horsemen dashed through the streets. The defense was gallant, but it seemed to avail little against overwhelming numbers. Abdullah gained the steps of the palace and attacked the stately old sheik who stood before his daughter's door. Brutally Abdullah shot him dead and burst open the door. Zarah gave a loud scream as his arms went round her, and, from below in the courtyard, Bob heard—and answered. Up he came, climbing buttress and parapet till he reached the balcony where Zarah struggled with her captor. Abdullah let go of the girl as his rival attacked

him and the two men wrestled perilously back and forward on the narrow balcony. Sears, watching the struggle, dared not fire for fear of killing Bob. It was a battle of youth and strength against brawn and brutality—and at last youth won. The body of Abdullah crashed down into the courtyard and the word flashed through the knots of fighting men:

"Abdullah is dead! *Abdullah is dead!*"

With that cry the heart seemed to go out of the Arab fighters. Without their leader they were like sheep without a shepherd. Turning from the fight, they began to ride away, a few at first and then many together in a panic of escape. Soon—save for the dead who lay here and there—it might have seemed that there had been no exchange of death-strokes in the quiet streets.

In the courtyard of the palace, the girl, Zarah, knelt beside her dead father. The old sheik looked very peaceful in his last sleep, and she knew that he was happy. He had died like a man and a chief, protecting her, his greatest treasure. But she would miss him so!

Strong young arms went round her and lifted her tear-stained face to rest against Bob's shoulder.

"I'll try to take care of you as he would wish me to, beloved!" the young man whispered. "Come home with me to my people. They will love you almost as well as I do."

**I**N the palatial home of the Winslows, Bob's mother read a telegram and burst into tears.

"There!" she wept, handing it to her husband. "I told you that you shouldn't send Bob out to that dreadful place to get him away from women! Look what he's done now!"

"Not another breach-of-promise suit!" the father gasped. "What! He's—he's married her!"

"Have just arrived in America and am bringing native bride home for lunch. Bob."

"Native! A black woman! It's all your fault, Robert!" the mother wailed. And then the doorbell rang and she heard Bob's voice in the hall. She dared not look for several minutes, and, when she did, she felt as though all the clouds had rolled away from her heart, for the girl who came toward her, to be clasped in her arms, was the loveliest, smartest, dark-eyed little beauty that ever wore Parisian clothes. And Bob's father, smiling on the whole picture, said dryly:

"Boy, I said Egypt would cure you! And it evidently has!"





"You're fired!" Ted announced. "And you won't go on with Pat tonight, either. I'll go on myself!"

*The little Big Man had graduated to the main tent; in fact, he owned the whole circus, but he never forgot the days when he was in*

## The Sideshow

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON

THINGS had gone well for the Melrose Circus until the day when the mysterious Hindu, Ghandi the Great, joined the sideshow and Patricia Porter became his assistant. From the beginning, Pat had learned to admire the great qualities of P. W. Melrose, the owner of the circus, a man who had overcome his physical make-up and risen from the midget sideshow to be boss of the outfit. But, besides her adoration and appreciation of Melrose, she had found something even greater in the circus—love, for Ted Rogers, the manager and barker, loved her and she was fast learning to love him. Her work was quite easy. She was the girl who, bound and gagged, was put into the big wicker hamper while Ghandi—apparently—transfixed the hamper with six sharp swords, after which the lid was lifted and Pat emerged, unharmed, while the crowd applauded. The secret was in a little trap-door under the hamper which was raised and lowered at the proper time by Bowen, the canyass

boss. So the days went by and Pat and Ted would have been perfectly happy but for the "jinx" that seemed to be following the circus and worrying their beloved little Boss. Accidents happened; one of the trapeze artists was killed—and the rope of his swing was found to have been deliberately filed away. The pay-wagon was burned and there was much complaining among the men. A rival circus, Platt & Russell, was following their route, picking up deserters from Melrose. It was quite likely that the dirty work came from that quarter, but, so far, no clues had been found. And, then, one evening while Pat was talking to Melrose about a new act, Bowen came to the Boss's car with a letter which he said he had found. Melrose read it. It was from Platt and Russell to Ted Rogers praising him for "good work" and telling him that a big check was waiting if he kept on with the "accidents". Overcome by the shock of this disclosure, Melrose told Bowen that there was "one man too many" in the outfit and practically ordered him to throw Ted off the train. Pat, seeing the letter, indignantly scored it as a forgery and asked Melrose to put it up straight to Ted. Melrose replied: "We'll never see Ted again!"

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the original story by Howard J. Green. Earle C. Kenton directed, with Marie Prevost appearing as Pat Porter, Ralph Graves as Ted Rogers, "Little Billy" as P. W. Melrose, Alan Roscoe as Ghandi the Great, Pat Harmon as Bowen and Texas Madeson, Martha McGruger, Esteban Clemente, Janet Ford, Paul Dismute, Bert Price, Chester Morton and Jacques Ray as the attractions of the Sideshow.



THEN, as though that had been his entrance cue, the door swung open and Ted Rogers, bruised, battered but unmistakably alive, burst in.

"That brute, Bowen, tried to 'red-light' me a few minutes ago. I knocked him cold and put him in a baggage car to get over it. But just wait till tomorrow when I can get him in the open." He stopped, surprised at the set, white expression on Melrose's face. The little man looked at him.

"It was by my orders that he tried to do that, Ted. I am the world's biggest fool."

Pat handed Ted the letter and he flushed with anger as he read it.

"You mean to say you believed that stuff, Chief?" But at the look in those tortured eyes he relented. "You've been through a lot, and this was a stiff jolt. I don't know that I blame you, but this is the letter I have all ready to send in answer to an offer from Platt & Russell to join their show."

From his pocket Ted took an envelope and

handed the enclosed letter to the Boss to read:

"Platt & Russell, Sirs: As long as P. W. Melrose has a yard of canvas to his outfit, I stay with him. Ted Rogers."

Melrose looked the boy in the face.

"Ted, there aren't any words—but will you—will you shake hands with me?"

The big hand closed over the small one and a deeper friendship, incapable of any future doubts, was cemented between two strong men.

During the next day's stand, the air was hectic with rumors, tense with anxiety. Ted and Pat longed for something to happen which would clear up all the mystery and permit the Melrose outfit to return to its old, happy atmosphere. Finally it was Pat who found the key to the riddle.

It was half an hour before opening time and she promised to hurry and dress so that they could snatch a moment or two more together.

**B**UT, when Pat passed the fakir's tent to get her costume, she paused, for she heard voices within. Bowen's and the Hindu's! Bowen said:

"You better watch out! Melrose is on to Platt & Russell getting after the men. He's smart enough to find out that they hired you to do the damage round here, and when he does—"

"You talk too much—and too loud—" (This was the Hindu.) "I know that there is danger—what is that noise?"

Bowen's lanky figure emerged before Pat could dodge out of sight. The canvas boss said a few words to Ghandi and the Hindu followed the girl with long, soft strides.

"I do not know how much you heard," he threatened, "but it would be well to forget it."

Her fighting little chin went up proudly.

"I heard plenty—and my memory is very good, indeed," she said.

The dark eyes under the turban were sinister and Ghandi caught her by the arm.

"You—will—be—silent—" he began, but over his shoulder Pat had caught a glimpse of a tall, broad-shouldered figure—Ted's! Her eyes met his.

"Next time you try to threaten me, you cheat," she cried, "make sure that you are not overheard!"

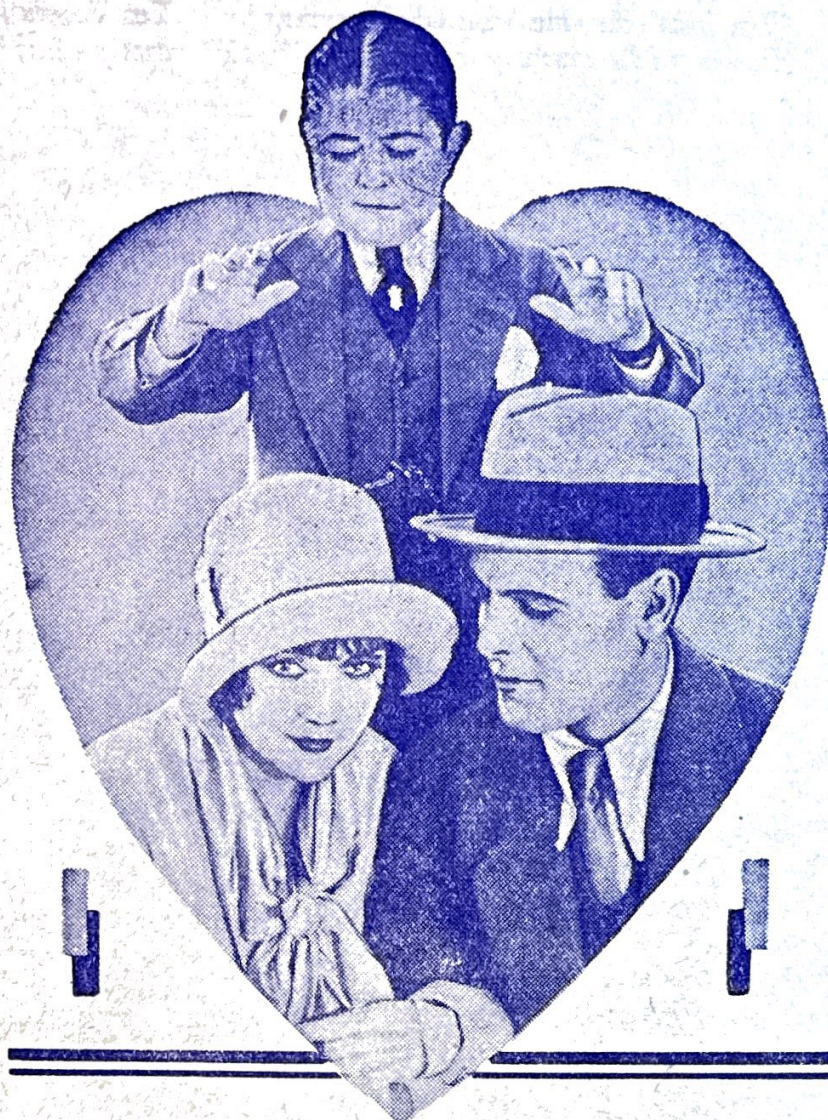
Ghandi wheeled about and found Ted's stern blue eyes on him. The next moment he was sprawling in the sawdust from a well-directed blow.

"Get! You're fired!" Ted announced, "And you won't go on with Pat tonight, either; I'll do



"Bound—she cannot struggle! Gagged—she cannot cry for aid!"





*"Well, bless you my children," the little Big Man said gaily. "Next season we'll all be in the main tent."*

the act myself. You can get into the small tent to tell fortunes if you want to—the public expects you—but tomorrow morning you leave for good. See!"

The Hindu slunk away. It was nearly time for the show to start and the fair grounds were full of people. Ted hastened to the entrance to give his "spiel" and Pat hurried to dress.

Ghandi, passing the platform where the hamper act was given, peered under it and called Bowen who had taken his place there in readiness to raise and lower the trap-door which saved Pat from being transfixed by the swords when they were thrust through the basket. The eyes of the Hindu glittered strangely.

"You're wasting time," he told Bowen. "Rogers just fired me—there isn't going to be any act."

Bowen came out from under the platform will-

ingly enough and Ghandi went calmly along to his little fortune-telling tent next to Esteban's platform.

**O**UT in front Ted Rogers was cheerfully shouting to all and sundry:

"Come on in, ladies and gentlemen! See the greatest congress of freaks ever brought together in one spot! See Esteban, blind-folded, cast his double-headed axes! See Martha, the world's fattest woman—"

A wise-cracking lad in the crowd suddenly shouted:

"Hey, Mister, your freaks are walking out on you!"

And Ted, turning, saw P. W. Melrose who, contrary to his usual custom of staying in his private car during the show, was passing the tent. Ted blazed at the speaker.



"You fool! He owns this whole circus!"

He was wildly resentful of the word "freak" applied to his beloved Chief. But the fresh lad was undaunted.

"Maybe he does," he shouted, "but he *belongs* in the sideshow all the same!"

There was a stricken look on the little man's face that cut Ted to the heart. He saw Melrose turn and disappear round the edge of the platform.

THE show went on. Finally the moment came when Ted, taking Ghandi's place, bound Pat's wrists and ankles and slipped the gag between her lips.

"Bound—she cannot struggle! Gagged—she cannot cry for aid!" came the familiar refrain.

He lifted her into the hamper and closed the lid. Then he flourished the six bright swords that were to plunge through the basket. Allowing time for the trap-door to be lowered, he prepared for the first thrust—Lunge! One sword was through! Lunge! The second struck and pierced the wicker!

Inside the basket, the girl crouched, wide-eyed with terror. What had happened? The saving trap-door was immovable beneath her and the swords, driven by Ted's strong arms, were coming through the frail basket-work.

The words of Ted's spiel raced through her mind:

"Bound—she cannot struggle! Gagged—she cannot cry for aid!" The first blade had missed her by a hair; the second had glanced keenly across the firm young flesh of her arm, inflicting a deep cut. What would the third do? "Gagged—she cannot cry for aid!"

Suddenly the trap-door quivered, jerked and brought her down with a rush. She found herself in safety under the platform and, looking round in the expectation of seeing Bowen in his usual place, her eyes met those of P. W. Melrose—startled and horror-stricken. Above her she could hear Ted's cheerful voice:

"And now we will withdraw the swords—the cue for her to be pulled up again.

"But—you're hurt!" said Melrose.

"Never mind—pull me up. The show must go on!"

The trap rose jerkily—but it rose. Ted, opening the basket, lifted her out triumphantly. The crowd cheered and moved on to the next platform where Esteban was swinging his knives. Then

Ted Rogers felt Pat sag in his arms and realized that she had fainted. Not until that moment did he have the faintest inkling of the possible tragedy that had been so barely averted.

P. W. MELROSE, white-hot with terrible anger, sought out Bowen and found him near the main tent. A few fierce, well-chosen questions, and he broke down, telling all he knew. Melrose left him to the tender mercies of the other men—and they were none too tender—and went to the sideshow again.

Esteban was beginning his act with the great, double-edged axes which he cast at Janet, standing against the upright that divided their platform from the fortune teller's tent. Melrose cast a glance into the tent, saw that Ghandi was there and sauntered jauntily behind Esteban's platform. The props of the wooden plank *were* loose, he noted. Was it chance or did the crook of the little Chief's cane catch under those supports on purpose? Be that as it may, the partition fell just as Esteban flung his second axe and it crashed, unimpeded, into the fortune teller's tent. There was a harsh cry and then silence. The crowd gathered. Ghandi was hastily carried out to the hospital tent—but he was dead.

Melrose, as owner of the circus, was questioned by the local sherriff, but his calm assurance that it was just another deplorable accident in a long string of "jinx" happenings freed the sherriff from doubt and permitted Esteban to be dismissed.

IN another tent Ted Rogers sat with his arm round Pat. Her wound had been bandaged, but she was still pale from loss of blood. The sight of their happy faces brought a queer twinge to the heart of the little Big Man. He smiled a rather twisted smile and shook hands with them.

"Next season we'll all be in the main tent," he promised.

Pat smiled at him.

"We're all going to be very happy together in the main tent, aren't we?" she said. He nodded.

"Well, bless you, my children!" he said gayly and left them together. Outside, he looked up at the star-spangled sky. "I may own the main tent," he murmured, "but I guess—I guess I'll always belong in the sideshow." He took out his watch and looked at the picture in the back. The glowing face of a girl—the girl he had just left in the arms of her sweetheart was not there any more. Instead, he looked into the eyes of Napoleon Bonaparte. "We go on to conquest—don't we?" he whispered.



# Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

## LESSON SEVENTY-NINE (Reviewed)

*If You Can't Write Comedy, Switch to Melodrama.*

IT seems that I have dwelt so much lately on the cinema trend toward comedy that three of my readers have taken alarm. The gist of their letters is:

"But I just can't write comedy and I do want to write, so what shall I do?"

Now I never meant to imply that comedy is the only form of screen material that is in demand today. I have remarked merely that this seems to be a comedy season. But that doesn't mean that other types of drama are being neglected. Hear what one publicity man, name not signed, sends in on the subject of melodrama and of screen styles of the moment:

"The old type melodrama is coming into its own!

"It would seem from a casual survey of current picture material that action with deep-dyed villainy and perfect heroes and heroines is to replace, for the time at least, the problem of the flapper and the worries of the eternal triangle.

"Since the inception of the action-picture camera, screen fare has traveled in cycles. A costume picture success will be followed by a wave of like pictures, and the same is true of the domestic triangle film.

"Today, the cycle has turned to red-blooded action. Many producers are borrowing a page from the producers of the Wild Westerns."

"Action, fist-fights, melodrama" are what he thinks there is a demand for. Well, he may be right. On the other hand, another publicity sheet comes out with a demand for comedy.

"Quick-action comedies, the more the merrier, are what the public of today eats for screen nourishment.

"The public wants to laugh and forget its troubles. When a man goes to the moving picture house after a long day's work and maybe a run-in with the boss, he wants 'surcease from sorrow'. So we try to give our audiences comedies with a lot of laughs.

"And the same thing is true of the women in the audience. After a day spent in housework and minding the kiddies, most of them can stand

a little laugh-producing comedy without any effort.

"As for the kiddies themselves—well, they are always ready to laugh. So far life means only laughter and play for most of them, and we like to carry on the good work."

So back now to where we started: If you can write comedy, write it, and, if you can't write comedy, write melodrama.

"But," asks another reader, "is there no demand for any other type of play and what are all the other types, anyway?"

Of course, the demand for plays isn't supplied by just comedy and melodrama, no matter how strongly producers may incline toward these two types in any particular season.

There are mystery plays, war plots, adventure plays on land and sea, plays built around small-town life, detective plots as distinguished from mystery plays, and about every type of play that you can think of that involves life on this planet. There are plays that deal with the problems of married life; there are others that have business for the basis of their plots. Historical and propaganda plays I have already dealt with many times, but without giving much encouragement to novices to select either of these types.

There are plays that deal principally with young love and there's always a demand for these.

But, if you stop to think of it, in this list we haven't really moved very far away from the two types of plays with which we began, for almost any one of the above general subjects might be treated from the standpoint of either comedy-drama or from a melodramatic angle. Anyway, every one of us seems to think there is a play lurking somewhere in our imagination and our brains and by the number of letters I receive a great many of us are making a pretty good try at turning that same play into a commercial proposition. And, that being the case, more power to your pens and to my own!

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# Consult Mystic Myra

*She Sees All, Hears All and Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out.*

Betty of Trenton: Yes, Betty, Mary Philbin is engaged to Paul Kohner, supervisor of Universal Pictures being made in Germany. The young couple plan to be married before summer. If Mr. Kohner is unable to leave his work in Germany, it may be possible that the fair Mary will travel to Berlin to have the knot tied.

Kenneth L.: No, the young man you saw at your local theatre recently was not Tom Mix but Art Mix. You just have your Mixes a trifle mixed. Art has just completed "The Old Oregon Trail" in which he has endeavored to show the American cowboy as he really is. I don't believe that Art and Tom are in any way related.

Dorothy: I thought that everybody knew that Tommy Meighan is married. Mrs. Meighan is the former Frances Ring, well-known on the stage before she became the wife of the handsome star. Her sister, Blanche Ring, is the famous "with-rings-on-my-fingers-and-bells-on-my-toes" lady of musical comedy fame.

Helen H: You want to know how we get the stories of the recent photoplays out in the magazine so quickly—many times simultaneously with their Broadway showing. No, my dear, I do not gaze into my crystal and tell Christine Hamilton and the rest of the writers just what is happening in the picture plays, but they, poor dears, get up bright and early in the morning and attend special showings in projection rooms and from the list of

pictures presented select those they believe will be of most interest to you readers. Does this explanation clear up the mystery?



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## THE RISE OF FANNIE BRICE

(Continued from page 13)

"How much salary?" she asked carelessly.

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

Fannie tried hard not to look eager. That seemed like a lot of money.

"All right!" she agreed, rather breathlessly.

"Can you do a specialty number?" he asked.

"Yes." A little thing like a specialty number wasn't going to stop her! He signed her up.

And then, one day, Spiegel came around to all his leads with this thunderbolt:

"There's going to be a benefit Friday night and I want all of you to be ready with some specialty number."

That was Tuesday, and Fannie thought she would die! How on earth was she to get a specialty number ready in time? How was she going to get hold of a specialty number in the first place? She vowed she would give something brand new and different—but what—*what*? Wednesday came—and Thursday! Fannie Brice thought she was utterly finished. She went down to see Irving Berlin and poured out her story.

"Cheer up, infant!" he said. "I've got two songs for you, right here!"

He gave her "Sadie Salome" and "Cherry Rag". Fannie had thought of almost everything but she had never happened to think of doing a Jewish comedy song and "Sadie Salome" was just that. She threw her whole vibrant, enthusiastic young heart into the idea and before she left Irving Berlin that day she had learned both songs. Then she went home, asked the ever-faithful pal, Mother, to get her white linen sailor suit ready for the benefit, then tumbled into bed and slept like the exhausted child she was.

Next day she began to get ready for the benefit—and gasped. Mother had starched that white linen sailor suit and it was so stiff that it felt like a pasteboard box. It was a scream—but she had nothing else to wear. She put it on.

In that stiff white suit Fannie Brice sang "Sadie Salome" and sang it as no one else in the world could. She knew she looked funny and knew, too, that there was only one way to get away with it—and that was to be funnier still—on purpose! She snapped her fingers and gyrated giddily as she sang, and she heard the snickers of the audience grow into chuckles and the chuckles break into roars and the whole house rock with laughter. "Sadie Salome" had captured them—"Sadie Salome" with her long, quaint legs and

shining green eyes—"Sadie Salome"—Fannie Brice!

After that performance the manager came round with a big important-looking contract and a big, fat fountain-pen and signed Fannie up for an eight-year contract at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week! He knew that he had found a treasure, but there was one thing that he didn't know—Fannie was not old enough to sign a contract!

And then, while the "College Girls" was on tour, playing in Springfield, Massachusetts, Fannie Brice met Frank White.

(To be continued in the next issue)

## THE WIND

(Continued from page 8)

out of the window.

"Lige—I killed Wirt Roddy. I buried him out there. He came back—— But—the wind has blown the sand away."

He looked out to the place where she pointed. The wind had changed and the sand was piled high and firm above the place. He spoke softly.

"Letty, when a killing is done in justice, the wind hides it. There is nothing there. And soon, now, you will be far away from all this—from the wind and the sand."

There was a deep note of sadness in his steady voice. Letty lifted her white face.

"Do you want me to—stay?"

"Want you!" Suddenly his arms were close about her, his face pressed against her cheek. "Do you mean—you'll stay with me?"

"I want to work with you—and love you! Lige! Lige! I'm not afraid of the wind any more—I'm not afraid of anything any more!"

## A LADY OF CHANCE

(Continued from page 17)

THE next morning dawned sunnily. Dolly packed her bags and was just finishing the last touches before going down to meet Steve in the lobby when a soft knock fell on the panels of her door.

"Come in!" she called.

"Good morrow, fair one!" came a suave, mocking voice and the keen, cold smile of Badger Bradley met her astonished gaze.

"We traced you down here, Gwen and I," he said, "and we know all about everything. Now, we are going to share the pickings on your latest victim, aren't we?"

(To be continued in the next issue)





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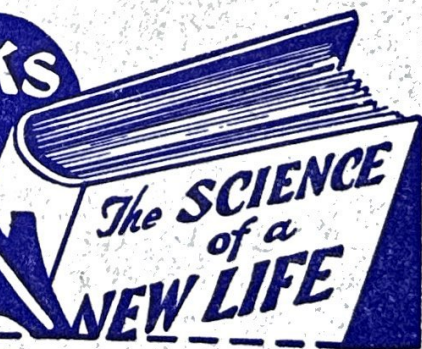
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